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Choice Poetry.

THE BALLAD OF ELEANORE. need hardly remind our readers of the cros king Edward I., wherever his wife's corps way to interment at Westminster.]

- Oh. fairer than vermillion
 Shed upon western skies.
 Was the blush of that sweet Castilian
 Girl with the deep brown eyes,
 As her happy beart grew firmer,
 In the strange, bright days of yore,
 When abe heard young Edward murms
 "I love thee, Eleanore."
- Sweeter than musical cadence
 Of the wind 'mid cedar and line,
 Is love to a timorous maiden's
 Heart, in the fresh Spring-time;
 Sweeter than waves that mutter
 And break on a finness above,
 Are the songs her fancies utter
 To brown-yed Eleanora.

- They twain went forth together,
 Away o'er the Midland Main,
 Through the golden Summer weather,
 To Syrla's mystic plain;
 Together, toil and danger,
 And the death of their loved ones bore,
 And parils from Payain, stranger
 Than death to Elemeere.
- Where Lincoln's towers of wonder Soar high o'er the vale of Trent, Their lives were tern asunder—To her home the good Queen went. Her come to the temb he carried, With grief at his heart's stem core; And where'er at night they tarried, Rose a Cross to Elemere.

- As ye trace a moteur's caset
 By a line of silver rain—
 As ye trace a regal sanset
 By strace a regal sanset
 By strace as affron stain—
 So to the Minster hely,
 At the west of London's rear,
 May ye mark bow, andly, alowly,
 Passed the curse of Elemore.
- Back to where lances quiver— Straight back, by tower and town, By hill, and wold, and river— For the lore of Scotland's crown. But, ab! there is wee within him. Fur the face he shall see no more; And compost cannot win him From the love of Eleanore.
- Years after, sternly dying.
 In his tent by the Solway Sea,
 With the breezes of Scotland flying
 O'er the wild anala, wide and free,
 His dim thoughts sadly wander
 To the happy days of yore,
 And he see, in the gray sky yonder,
 The eyes of his Elemore.

- Time must destroy those Crosses Raised by the Poet King: But as long as the blue sea tosses, As long as London's river Gildos stately down to the Nore,

Select Story.

LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE OF THE BORDER.

BY J. B. JONES. CHAPTER X.

When Sneak opened the door, the sun had risen, and was shining brightly. It a moment the inmates of the house were stirring. The horses neighed in the stable for their accustomed food and water, and when Joe hastened to them, he and water, and when for hastened to them, he embraced the neck of each, in testimony of his joy that they were once more saved from the hands of the Indians. The hounds pranced round Boone and Glenn, manifesting their de-light in being relieved of the presence of the en-

old man.

"Why, Miss Mary's gone down to your house, to see if the Indians have been there; and they may be there now, perhapa."

"There's no danger now, you block-head," replied Roughgrove.

"Keep your mouth shet!" said Sneak.

"Your mouth's mashed—recollect who did it,"

"Your mouth's mashed—recollect who did it," retorted Joe.

The savage at length lifted up the dead body, and set off at a brisk pace towards the prairie. The party then returned to the house, and partook of a plenteous repast that had been provided by Mary.

When the breakfast was over, they repaired to the cliff, to examine the place where the Indians had first penetrated the snow. They had commenced operations at the very brow of the cliff, on a shelving rock, to attain which, without being seen from the garrison, they must have crawled on their hands and knees a considerable distance. Below could be seen an immense heap of snow, which had been thrown down from the place of entrance, just as Boone had described.

beap of snow, which had been thrown down from the place of entrance, just as Boone had described.

"Jest look yander!" cried Sneak, pointing up the river. The scene was a remarkable one. They beheld a very small deer, (the lightness of which enabled it to run on the snow that covered the ice with great flectness, without breaking through the crust,) chased about on the river by a pack of wolves. These hungry animals had evidently been racing after it a great length of time, from the distressed appearance of the poor victim, and, having driven it up the ice, they seemed resolved to prevent it from ever again entering the thickets. The plan they adopted was systematic, and worthy the imitation of biped hunters. They dispersed in various directions, and formed themselves in a circle of about a half a mile in diameter, hemming the deer in on all sides, while only one or two of their number at a time chased it.

Round and round it ran; and though its pursuers were left far in the rear, yet it remained entirely surrounded by the enemy. Occasionally, when a chasing wolf became exhausted, one of the guards (abandoning his post) would enter the ring, and, not being fatigued, was able to carry on the pursuit with redoubled vigor. Thus the chase was kept up with increasing fierceness, by means of a succession of fresh wolves, until the poor deer finally sank down and surrendered its life. The voracious pack then rushed from their stations indiscriminately, and coming in contact immediately over their prev, a most frightful contest ensued among them. Horrific yells and screams could be heard by the men, as they looked on from their distant position. At times, the wolves were so closely jumbled together that nothing could be distinguished but one black, heaving, and echoing mass. But the struggle was soon over. In a very few moments they became quiet, and started off in a comparatively peaceful manner towards the Island, whence their prize had been driven, in quest of others. When they abandoned the spot where their victim

"That's making a clean business of it!" said Sneak.

"It's no such a thing!" cried Joe; "it's a nasty trick to swallow hide, bones, and bowels, in

ercise, through the day. A quantity of furs and buffalo skins were packed in the canoe, that served to keep them warm at night.

"Mr. Roughgrove! Mr. Roughgrove!" cried Joe, from his loop-hole.

"What do you want with me?" responded the old man.

"Why, Miss Mary's gone down to your house, to see if the Indians have been there; and they may be there now, perhaps."

"There's no danger now, you block-head." respectively.

in the assicutida, after all! and the wolves will come all round you, and won't go off for shooting at 'em, if you'll only rub it on the soles of your boots."

"I'll try it!" said Joe, suiting the action to the word, and then striding onward, and looking in every direction for the wolves.

"You'll have to tree, if they come too thick."

"Pshaw!" replied Joe, "you can't scare me in that way. I don't believe a hatful of it would make them stand and be shot at."

They were now opposite the island. Joe selected a position even with the upper end of it, and Sneak remained below. Boone, after stationing Roughgrove and Glean to the best advantage, walked out to the main-land, and taking some of the gum fetid in Joe's possession, returned to the island; and, ere long, he, Roughgrove, and Glenn were heard discharging their guns with great rapidity, and the cries of the wolves attested that they were laboring with effect. But none of the beleaguered animals had yet retreated from the scene of destruction. On the coutrary, several were seen to run across from the main-land, and join those on the island. Presently Sueak commenced a brisk fire. There seemed to be a whole army of wolves congregated in the vicinity. Joe at first laughed, and then became confused and puzzled. He auxiously desired to make the roar of his musket join the melec; hat at times he thought the ravenous enemy rather too numerous for him to be in perfect safety. The firing on the island continued without abatement.

Sneak's gun was likewise still heard at regular intervals, and what seemed an extraordinary matter to Joe was, that Sneak should yell-out something about the "asafetida," and "moceasin tracks," after every discharge. Joe was not long idle. He soon saw a huge black wolf trotting along the little deer path he had just traversed, with its nose down to the ground. A moment after, another, and then a third, were seen pursuing the same course, some distance behind. Joe became nneasy. His first impulse was not long idle. He soon saw a huge black w

again.

"I'll make tracks!" said he, starting toward
the frozen channel that separated him from the
island. But he had not gone ten paces, before
he discovered two enormous wolves approaching
from that direction. "I'll ent dirt back again!"
he continued, whirling suddenly around, and
rushing back to his stand, where he stood not a ty trick to swallow hide, bones, and bowels, in that manner."

"It's clean for wolves," said Sneak.

"Oh, may be you're part wolf," said Joe.

"Now, none of your gab, or I'll play some other trick on you, worse than that at the spring,"

"You be hanged." retorted Joe; "I'll give you leave to do it, when you get a chance the next time."

"It is a great pity that the deer are subject to such destruction," remarked Glenn.

"The wolves we saw are all on youder island," said Boone; "and if you are disposed to have a hunt, I have no doubt we night kill some of them."

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Several sharp reports resounded from the river bank, a few paces on the east. Three or four of the wolves howled and fell. The rest hesitated, their eyes glistening, and fixed on Joe's suspended boots. "Come quick! for Heaven's sake! I can't pull up my legs any more!" cried Joe. This was true, for his strength was fast failing. The gnns were again disaharged with deadly effect, and all but one of the largest of the wolves precipitately ran oft, and disappeared among the bushes.

"Jerk up your leg! that feller's a going to take one of your feet along with him, if he kin!" cried Sneak. Joe saw the wolf charging upon him, but he was altogether unable to avoid it in the manner he had done before. It was now only a few feet distant, its mouth open, cisplaying a frightful set of teeth, and springing towards him. Finding it impossible to prevent a collision, Joe resolved to sell ha foot as dearly as possible. As much as he was abbat he heart up his knee-joints, and when he assailant came, he bestowed his heels upon his head with all his might. The wolf was stunned, and fell under the blow.

"Take that!" cried Sneak, running up and plunging his knife into the animal's side. The wolf groaned and died.

"Ha! ha! ha! you were born to be hanged," said Roughgrove, coming forward, with Boone and Glenn, and laughing heartily.

"He has been hung," said Boone.

"And almost quartered," said Glenn.

"Oh, goodness! Jump up here, Sneak, and cut me loose," said Joe, beseechingly.

"There's no danger of you ever dying," said Sneak.

"Oh, please don't langh at me, but cut me

Miscellany.

THE LITTLE PAIR OF BOOTS.

A little pair of boots to night Before the fire are drying: A little pair of tirrel feet In a trundle-bed are lying: The tracks they left upon the f Make me feel like sighing.

To day I was disposed to anid; But when I look, to night, A t those small book before the fire, With copput ties so bright. I think here and top-based could be, To put them out of night.

We mothers weary get, and worn, Over our load of care; But how we speak of those dear ones, Let each of us beware: What would our freside be, to night, If no small books were there!

"And almost quartered," said Green:
"Oh, goodness! Jump up here, Sheak, and cut me loose," said Jee, beseechingly.
"There's no danger of you ever dying," said Sneak.
"Oh, he lesse don't langh at me, but cut me down; that's a good fellow. The string is be given the county of the said of the county of the cou

Joe soon recovered entirely from the effects of his swing, his fright, and his anger, and looked with something like satisfaction on his many trophnes lying round him; and when he disengaged his musket from the bough of the tree, he regarded it with affection.

They moved homeward, entirely content with the result of the excursion. Boone, explained the reason why so many of the wolves were congregated about the island. He stated that the vines and buskes on which the deer feed in the winter were abundant and nutritions in the low lands along the river, and that great numbers of them repaired thither at that season of the year. The wolves, of course, followed them, and having now destroyed, all the large deer.in the vicinity of the island, and the small ones being enabled to run on the snow-crust, they found it necessary to muster in the chase as great a number as possible, and thus prevent their prey from escaping to the prairies. He said that the wolves preferred the timber, being enabled to make more comfortable lairs and dens among the failent trees than out ou the cold prairies. But their guns had wronght a fearful destruction among them. Perhaps three-fourths of them fell.

The pedlar dressed him up nicely, and took him off. Years rolled round, and the child was not him off. Years rolled round, and the child was not him off. Years rolled round, and the sain living at the County Seat of this same County, one night dreamed a dream. He dreamed that some hody had died and left a legacy of six or seven thousand dollars to the brother of his dream, who laughed, and said that he knew no one who would leave him that amount of money. A few days afterwish his teeth. Jowler was more composed, but a low, mournful whine issued continuously from his mouth.

"Dod! what's the dogs been after!" ejaculated Sneak.

"Go in, Joe, and ask Mary what it means," and leaverd Payse.

The New York correspondent of the St. Louis

THE BROAD ARROW.—Many have doubtless inquired the significance of "the broad arrow," which has been put upon the rebel rams. It indicates possession by her Majesty. The broad arrow is a government mark somewhat in the shape of an arrow bead, which is stamped, cut or otherwise fixed on all solid materials used in her Majesty's ships or dock-yarda, in order to prevent embezzlement of royal naval stores. The mark was assumed at the time of the Edwards (when the arrow was considered the most powerful weapon of attack) as distinguishing the property of the King. To be found in possession of any property thus marked is a criminal offence punishable with a heavy fine.

A CURIOSITY.—On Saturday last a batch of the old-fashioned worn-out mail ponches, from some of the post-offices out west, were received at Washington city post-office. As asnal, they were thoroughly searched, when a letter was found which was postmarked Vandalia, Illinois, on the 2d of March, 1836, for another post-office in the same State. The postmark is distinct, and the old letter rate, "16 cents," is quite legible.

TORTURE.—A Somersetshire (Eng.) farmer and his wife recently wound up a long course of cruel torture inflicted upon an elderly woman servant by foreing into her mouth a piece of honeycomb full of bees, inflicting great aguny from the stings of the angry insects.

A YOUNG woman has poisoned herself in Vienna, and in a note which she had left on a table near the bed on which she lay she had written:
"My last cigar draws very badly, therefore I am tired of life. Good night."

Those little boots, with copper too They ran the livriong day! And offentines I almost wish That they were miles away! So tired am I to hear so off Their heavy tramp at play.

For in a trunk, up stairs, I've laid Two seeks of white and blue; If called to put those boots away, O, God! what should I do! I mourn that there are not, is-night, Four boots instead of two.

WHAT "CREDIT MOBILIER" MEANS

John Moward Payme.

The New York correspondent of the St. Louis Globe has the following to say concerning the author of "Home, Sweet Home:"

Edwin Booth is personating Brutus in John Howard Payne's tragedy, during the last nights of his engagement at his own theatre. Payne's sombre and distressing play, albeit a piece of patch-work (having been made up from half a dozen different dramas on the same subject), is full of strong passages and effective situations. It is rather odd, by-the-by, how few persons know or think of Payne, except as the author of "Home, Sweet Home." They seem to have forgotten that he made his debut as Young Norval, before he was seventeen, at the Park theatre, in this city, and that his success in the east induced him to visit England four years after, where he made an immense success, and was pronounced superior to Master Betty in the juvenile part of Home's trigedy. His world-renowned lyric, written in a Parisian garret when he was almost starving, was introduced as one of the songs in his musical drama, "Clari, the Maid of Milan." I refer to these familiar but seldom remembered facts for the benefit of the Brooklynites, who are now engaged in raising subscriptions for a statue in Pruspect Park to the eccentric and nomadic Gothamite.

THE BROAD ARROW.—Many have doubtless in-quired the significance of "the broad arrow,"

A Currosrry.—On Saturday last a batch of the

In the starlit wintery night no casual observer can fail to notice a group of brilliant stars rising majestically in the eastern sky, and unlike anything else in the heavens. An elongated parallegoram, with a band of three bright stars in the centre, and a row of stars running obliquely downward, forms the outlines of the grandest of all the constellations. It is called Orion, and mythic lore lends its treasures of inspiration to fancy, and, taking the shining outlines for frame work, interweaves and surrounds them with the lofty stature and noble bearing of the mighty hunter whose preud boast it was that there was nothing on earth he could not conquer.

Bellatrix and Betelguese shine as epaulets on the broad shoulders, Rigel glows in diamond light on the left foot, while the paler lustre of Saiph sparkles on the gight knee. A triangle of three small stars matter the head, and the girdle is formed by three stars of the second magnitude, running from northwest to southwest. There are no other stars in the heavens like them for position and brightness, and they are therefore named the Three Stars. They are also called the Three Kingx, because they point out the Hyades and Pleiades on the one side, and Sfrins on the other. The University of Leipsic called them Napoleon. But the more common name for them, including the aword, is the Ell and Yard, as the line which unites them is just three degrees in length, and is divided by the central star into two equal parts, thus serving as a gradual stardard to an experienced eye to measure the distance from star to star. The row of stars running obliquely downward forms the sword, and is often called the Ell, because it is one and a quarter the length of the yard. A few degrees west of the Bellatrix, in the shoulder, there are eight small stars, which point out the skin of the lion in the left hand.

This constellation comes to the meridian on the 23d of January, and, as the equinoctial passes throughout the middle of it, it can be seen by all the habitable world. It contai

of the central one." Orion being called "the central one" because he is divided centrally by the equator.

Betelguese is one of the most remarkable variables in the beavens. Sir John Herschel records, in 1836, that these variations were marked and striking. In 1852 this star was brighter than Capella, and the largest in the Northern Hemisphere. Huggins found, from examination by spectrum analysis, decisive evidence of many elements known to exist in our sun, although the lines indicating the presence of hydrogen were wanting in the spectrum.

Rigel, the brightest star below the belt, is a noted double, whose components are orange and blue. One of the stars in the head is a triple star, and a little star in the sword can be resolved into six by a powerful telescope, four of them forming a trapezium, and two others so minute as to form a test of the telescope.

But the greatest nebula surrounding the stars in the sword, and discovered by Hugghens, in 1656, is, in many respects, the most wonderful object in the heavens. It is clearly visible to the naked eye on a moonless night, the only time smitable for the examing of the nebules. All that the ordinary observer perceives is a strange indistinctness around the middle star of the sword, of which the smallest telescope reveals the explanation; for the object is not a star, but a diffused haze. Examined with telescopes of greater power, the hazy appearance still continues, but it begins to take on strange and fan-

be the sorthinary cheeriver revertives in a stronger indications around the middle star of the work, and the stronger in the content of the object is not a star, but the smallest telescope reveals the explanation; for the object is not a star, but diffused have. Examined with telescopes of times, but it begins to take on strange and far tastic forms, though remaining a shapeless mist, with not a vestige of a star, with not a vestige of a star, with not a vestige of a star, and a variety of the content of the co

PEEK-A-BOO!

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD

Where is my little one hiding from me? Where is my darling!—oh! where can he be? Under the sofa, and under the chair. Still I keep looking; but no one is there! Where is my little one!—where can he be! Hiding so much of his sunshine from me! Oh! how his musical prattle I miss! Sure, I was never so lonely as this.

No little arms to give mamma a squeeze; No one to comfort me; no one to toase; There on the floor is his beautiful toy; But where in the world is my own little boy!

Coating won't bring him! the reque! then I'll try How he freels when he hears poor mamma cry: "Oh, my dear baby! come back to me, do!" Mamma is lonely!"—"Ha, ha! peek-a-boo!"

Peek.a-boo! ruses that bloom or his cheek; Peek.a-boo! eyes that as lovingly speak; Peek.a-boo! "sunshise," sal! "mannas's delight, While you were hiding. I thought it was night!

Graphic Bescription of a Kanana Pic

Graphic Bescription of a Kassan Pieseer.

Topeka Correspondence Missouri Republican.

Lane sleeps under the shadow of the State University of Kansas, amid the memories that he made famous and that made him great. He was a great man. It makes no odds how well you know the intrinsic debauchery of his life ar the cussedness of his character, you could not stand in his rugged presence without a feeling of awe and respect born of admiration for the very qualities in him for which other men are despised and loathed. Edwin Forrest was not his superior in dramatic intensity and impetuosity. He commanded men like a lion or tiger might awe lesser beasts. He could walk into a crowd that welcomed him with the clicking of a hundred revolver locks, and in five minutes every man in that crowd would have spilled the blood right out of his own heart in fighting for Jim Laue. He could stand mute before a hissing and groaning mob, and in two minutes year could have heard the breath of love rustle the scentcel tresses of a maiden in the hash that would be there. He could stand before an audience, speaking to them with those great, cavernous eyes of his, while his lips were shut and still, raise his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and every one would rise with his gesture; lower his hand, and lower his

WIME MARING a CURSE.—A Baptist minister in California, writing to the Standard, says:

"I came here with the old opinion that plenty of wine would promote the temperance cause. When I see whole families, father and mother, hoys and girls, made drunkards by the produce of their own vineyards, I am convinced that winemaking is a curse. California is becoming a State of drunkards."

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

WHEN Horace F. Clarke called on Vanderbilt to ask for his danghter, the old Commodore said, "Oh! you want my money, do you?" Horace turned to the door and repiled: "You and your money can ge to h—l." He was at once called back and the affair satisfactorily settled. Clark soon removed from his humble office to a protentious broker's establishment in Wall street.

An Indiana paper recently amounced a marriage in due form and, last week made a correction. Hearing the gentleman was married, his name was published in connection with that of a lady who had told the editor but a short time before that she was engaged to him. As it turned out, he married another lady.

A Kenticky dog went up a hollow tree sixty five feet after a come and brought him down. The name of the party "bringing down" this story is not given.

Hoxey may be called the blood of society. It is to society what blood is to a living body.